

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY [FRIDAY NIGHT].)

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s. Stamped; 12s. Unstamped; to be forwarded by Money Order or Postage Stamp to the Publisher, W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

No. 34.—VOL. XXIV.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1849.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE.
{ STAMPED FOURPENCE.

EPICRAM FROM THE GREEK OF PHILODEMUS.

(PAL ANTHOL. v. 24.)

I AM advis'd by my soul to avoid sweet Heliodora,
Knowing the cares and the tears which she has cost me before.
Thus I am warn'd by my soul, but I have no strength to avoid her
Even my treacherous soul loves while the warning it gives. J. O.

DEATH OF SIGNOR DE BEGNIS.

THE American journals, transmitted by the *Europa*, state that Signor De Begnis, the celebrated Italian vocalist and professor of singing, died at New York of cholera, on the first week of the present month.

Signor De Begnis was the husband of Madame Ronzi de Begnis, the handsomest woman and one of the most delightful singers of her day. She came to London in 1823 or 1824, and took the town by storm with her beauty and her voice. In fact, she was the Grisi of her time, but wanting in Grisi's intellect and power. De Begnis came as *primo buffo*, and made his first appearance in the *Turco in Italia*, and at once established himself as a popular favourite in this line. This position he held for nearly ten years, until Lablache appeared and usurped the throne of all the buffos. Signor De Begnis was excellent in such parts as Taddeo in the *Italiana in Algeri*, Figaro in the *Barbiere*, and Doctor Bartolo in the same opera, Leporello in *Don Giovanni*, the Podesta in the *Gazza Ladra*, and other characters of that stamp. His undertaking tragic parts was a mistake. We remember Signor De Begnis in Dublin, in 1830, performing the father in Paer's *Agnese*, and also Fernando in the *Gazza Ladra*, but producing little or no effect in either; in fact, after one performance of the latter part, he was compelled to change it for the Podesta.

Signor De Begnis was a thorough good artist, and managed a naturally defective voice with considerable taste and skill. He was an excellent musician, and after he retired from Her Majesty's Theatre, became one of the most reputed and fashionable teachers in London. He educated several English singers for the stage, among whom we may mention Mr Giubilei, Mr. Lennox, and Miss Watson. In 1830 he formed an effective Italian Opera company, which he took to Dublin and Edinburgh, and played with great success. Madlle. Blasis was his *prima donna*, and Curoni his tenor. A year or two following, the great tenor, Donzelli, went to Edinburgh with another company formed by De Begnis, together with Madame de Meric, Miss Watson, Arigotti, the tenor, Giubilei, De Angeli, &c.

Signor de Begnis left England for America about eight or ten years ago, and amalgamated an Italian company, which he took to different parts of the Continent, as occasion prompted him. His head-quarters were at New York. He also established himself as the first vocal teacher in America. He died, we understand, possessed of considerable property. He was separated from his wife many years before he left England.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE regular season closed on Saturday night, with the *Lucrezia Borgia* and the third act of the *Prophète*; and, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, the theatre was filled with a brilliant and fashionable assembly. Grisi was in splendid force, especially in the second and third acts, into which she threw more than her usual energy and fire, as though she were determined to leave a deep and lasting impression. Indeed, he who heard and saw Grisi in *Lucrezia Borgia*, on Saturday, and left Covent Garden without feeling intensely moved, must be either as senseless as an oyster in constitution, or must belong to the *claque* of some other establishment.

Mario's voice has latterly gained all its former strength and body. The severe colds of the spring, and the sudden changes of the weather, affected him in the earlier part of the season, but all the beauty and quality of his magnificent organ has now come back to him. We have not heard his voice so pure and so powerful for years as it has been within the last fortnight. His singing on Saturday was positive perfection, and his acting be tokened all its usual impulse and passion. Nothing we have heard on the stage, for power and effect, can surpass Grisi and Mario's duet in the second act, where Lucrezia enforces Gennaro to drink the antidote. It is prodigious.

The *Huguenots* and the *Prophète* have prevented Tamburini, for some time, from appearing before the public. It was the great artist's own fault that he was not included in the cast of the *Huguenots*. Small as the part of St. Bris was, he made it great, and his loss therein has been seriously felt during the season. We among several others have always considered Tamburini's St. Bris as one of his most finished personations.

Tamburini's Alfonso, in the *Lucrezia Borgia*, is absolutely a transcendent effort of genius and art. If we except the "Vengeance" song, which is somewhat spoiled and frittered away by useless and by no means striking *roulades*, the performance, both in singing and acting, is one of the grandest and most faultless we have ever seen on the stage. The power of art cannot be carried higher than as exemplified by Tamburini in the second act of the *Lucrezia Borgia*. There is not a single look, attitude, movement, or tone, which is not characterized by the finest judgment and the most exalted taste. The impression the splendid artist produces is of that kind which no time can eradicate. With three such artists as Grisi, Mario, and Tamburini, it is unnecessary to say how the second act passed off. The whole house seemed spell-bound during the performance.

Angri sang with as much energy and as finely as ever. The "Brindisi," however, failed of awakening the old enthusiasm. It must be acknowledged, that the tune, beautiful as it undoubtedly is, is worn to the stump. Alboni has given it more than a barrel-organ popularity, and people are not in

love to hear too frequently, even from such lips as those of the fair Angri, music they are bored with at every turn, "and in the streets too."

At the end of the opera, when the principal artists were recalled, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Mary of Cambridge, and the Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz, who occupied the Queen's box, threw their bouquets to Grisi.

The third act of the *Prophète* followed; then the National Anthem was sung by the entire company, Grisi, Viardot, and Angri taking the solos; and then the Regular Season was brought to a termination.

Three extra performances were given during the current week at reduced price, and the house, in consequence, has been crammed to suffocation. On Tuesday the *Prophète* was given; on Thursday the second and third acts of the *Huguenots*, and the second and third acts of the *Prophète*; and last evening, *Don Giovanni*, with Pauline Garcia as Zerlina, her first appearance in England in that character.

We have already said our "says" respecting the *Huguenots* and the *Prophète*, and shall have much more to say next week in our *résumé* of the season; but the *Don Giovanni* requires an especial notice, as well on its own account as that it comprises one feature of unusual interest, and one or two points of amendment to which we would direct particular attention.

Of Grisi's *Donna Anna*, Mario's *Ottavio*, and Tamburini's *Don Giovanni*, it is now unnecessary to enter upon any minute criticism. The performance last night lost nothing in the hands of the three great artists, who shone forth in their different spheres as gloriously as ever.

Pauline Garcia's *Zerlina* was all we anticipated—classical, pure, and refined in the singing, and full of the most captivating archness and irresistible coquetry in the acting. This was the first time we witnessed the superb artist in a comic part. To be sure, we had a glimpse of what she could do as the laughing muse in the comic duet with Tamburini from the *Proœa d'un Opera Sena*, but that could go no great way in assuring us of her comic powers. Madame Viardot also had a great reputation as a comic artiste on the continent; the journals teeming with eulogiums on her *Rosina* in the *Barbiere*, *Cenerentola*, *Norina* in *Don Pasquale*, and others, whenever she appeared in those characters. Her *Zerlina* last evening fully confirmed all that had been said in her praise. The audience were in raptures throughout, and encored her in everything she sang. The lateness of the hour (remember, dear reader, it is our publishing night) prevents us from going into details, else could we expatiate upon the refined coquetry exhibited in the "La ci darem," the voluptuous beauty shown in the "Batti, batti," or the exquisite tenderness and delightful expression exemplified in the "Vedrai carina;" we must content ourselves with hoping that we shall have an opportunity of again hearing Viardot in *Zerlina*, and in consequence another and a better occasion for enlarging on the merits of the performance.

We cannot close our brief article without noticing decided marks of improvement in Madlle. Corbari's singing. The vocalising of this fair artiste has always had a peculiar charm for us from its superior grace and delicacy; but never did she afford us such high gratification as she did last evening. She sang the "Ah! chi mi dice mai" with exceeding energy, and an *abandon* which betokened an increased self-dependence on her own resources. Still more in the second *aria*, the famous "Ma tradi quell' alma," one of Mozart's most splendid and most difficult bravura songs, did Madlle. Corbari exhibit a progress that may be called something unusual. The passages

were taken with an ease and a facility that could hardly be surpassed, and the high notes attacked and sustained with unerring intonation, the A flat and B flat sounding as clear and pure as a well-toned bell. Madlle. Corbari has evidently been working hard, and we can assure her she bids fair to make an immense advance in public estimation from last night's performance.

The house was crowded to suffocation—the applause was uproarious—the encores and recalls were numberless—the enthusiasm unbounded—and the gratification equalled expectation; and this is the most that can fairly be predicated of any sublunary pleasure.

Thus closed this great establishment for the year 1849. We shall give our *résumé* of both the Operas next week.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BOOK III.

ON THE ART OF THE ETRURIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

CHAP. III.

(Continued from page 517.)

AFTER the precursory information given in the first section of this book, respecting the external circumstances and causes of Etruscan art, and the form of the gods and heroes; and after indicating the works of art; I would draw the attention of my reader to the qualities and characteristics of the art of this people, that is to say, to the style of Etruscan artists of which this portion treats.

We may here make the general remark, that the characteristics which distinguish the Etruscan from the earliest Greek style, and which might be taken, not only from the design, but from contingencies, as customs and costume, may be fallacious. The Athenians, says Aristides, made the weapons of Pallas just as they had been directed by the goddess; but we cannot, from a Grecian helmet on Pallas or any other figure, conclude that the work itself is Greek. The Grecian helmets, as they are called, are found in works unquestionably Etruscan, as, for instance, in a Minerva on the triangular altar in the Villa Borghese, already frequently mentioned, and on a cup, with an Etruscan inscription, in the museum of St. Ignatius' College at Rome.

I. The style of the Etruscan artists did not always remain the same, but, like the Egyptian and the Greek, had its different degrees and periods, from the simple forms of the earliest time, to the bloom of their art, which, afterwards, as is very probable, was improved by an imitation of Greek works, and took a form different from that of the earliest period. These different grades of Etruscan art are to be well observed, and accurately distinguished, to attain any systematic knowledge on the subject. Finally, after the Etrurians had been for a considerable time subject to the Romans, their art declined, as is shewn by the twenty-nine brazen cups in the museum just mentioned, among which, those where the inscription approaches the Roman style and language, are worse designed and executed than the rest. But from these small specimens, we cannot get much that is definite, and as a decline in art is really no style, I shall adhere to the three periods already laid down.

We can therefore assume three distinct periods of Etruscan art, as with the Egyptians, *viz.*, the oldest, the second, and, thirdly, that which is improved by imitation of the Greeks. With respect to all the three styles, we should speak first of

the drawing of the nude, and next of the clothed figures, but as the dress is not very different from the Greek, the few remarks which especially refer to this and to the ornaments, may be all comprised at the end of this section.

II. The oldest style belongs to the time when this people spread through all Italy, as far as the extreme promontories of Magna Gracia; and we can gather a clear notion of it from the rare silver coins which were made in the cities of the lower part of Italy, and of which the richest collection is in Duke Catania Noja's museum. (a)

III. The peculiarities of this earliest style of the Etrurian artists are, first, the straight lines of the design, with the stiff position and forced action of the figures; and, secondly, the imperfect idea of beauty in the face. The first peculiarity consists in this, that the outline of the figure rises and falls but little, which causes a thin and spindle-like appearance (although Catullus says,—"the fat Etrurian"),* through the muscles being so slightly indicated. Hence there is a want of variety in the style. The cause of the stiff posture lies partly in this mode of design, but chiefly in the ignorance of the earliest times, for variety in position and action cannot be expressed and formed without adequate knowledge of the frame and freedom in drawing. Art, like wisdom, begins with the knowledge of ourselves.

IV. The second peculiarity, namely, the imperfect idea of beauty in the face, was with the Etrurians as in the earliest Greek art. The shape of the head is a longish oval, which appears diminutive on account of the pointed chin. The eyes are cut flat and drawn obliquely upwards, lying even with the eyebrows, while the corners of the mouth are likewise drawn upwards.

These peculiarities are the same which we defined with respect to the earliest Egyptian figures, and hence what was said in the first chapter, on the authority of ancient writers, about the similarity of Egyptian and Etrurian figures, becomes gradually clearer. We may look upon the figures as upon a plainly cut coat, which is made out of straight pieces, and to which those who make it and wear it adhere for a long time. The first has drawn a figure in this style, and the others follow him. A certain cast of face was assumed, from which they deviated the less, as the first images were deities, who ought to resemble each other as much as possible. Art was then like a bad system of instruction, which produces blind imitators, and allows neither doubt nor investigation; and the drawing was like the Sun of Anaxoras, which the disciples, like their master, held to be a stone, in spite of all appeal to the senses. Nature should have instructed the artists, but use had become with them a second nature, and hence art directed from the first.

This first style is found, not only in these coins, but in several small figures of brass; and some are perfectly like the Egyptian, through the arms hanging down close against the sides, and the parallel position of the feet. The statue in the Villa Mattei, and the relief of Leucothea in the Villa Albani, has all the peculiarities of this style. The design of the genius in the Barberini palace is very flat, and without any especial indication of the parts; the feet stand in a straight line, and the hollow eyes are flat, opened, and drawn somewhat upwards. Than the dress of the statue in the Villa Mattei, and in the figures on the relief, nothing more simple can be conceived; and the folds, which are merely cut in, seem as if drawn with a comb. An attentive observer of the essential in antiquities will find this first style in other works also, which stand in parts

of Rome less celebrated and less commonly visited, as, for instance, in a small figure which is seated on a chair, and in a little work in relief, in the court of the house Capponi.

VI. Notwithstanding all the want of skill in the drawing of the figures, the oldest Etrurian artists attained in their vessels the science of elegance of form; that is to say, they had acquired a knowledge of that which is purely ideal and scientific, while they remained imperfect in that to which we are conducted by imitation. This is shewn by many vessels, in which the drawing of the figures reveals the oldest style; and I can here especially cite a vessel in the first volume of Hamilton's Collection, which on the front side represents a male figure on a two-horse chariot between two standing figures, and on the back of which are painted two other figures on horseback. Still more remarkable is a vessel of brass, a palm and a half in diameter, which was gilt, and has the most beautiful ornaments engraved on the convexity. In the middle of the lid stands a naked figure of a man, half a palm high, with a discus in the right hand, while round the rim are fastened three smaller figures on horseback, one of which is riding, while the others sit on horseback on the side. The figures and the horses are executed in the very oldest style. This vessel was discovered about five years ago, in the district of the ancient Capua, full of ashes and bones, and is now in possession of the royal intendant, the Chevalier Negroni, at Caserta.

NOTE.

(a) The author here seems to give the old coins struck in the cities of Lower Italy too high a degree of antiquity, and perhaps to reckon them among the genuine monuments of the oldest style of Etruscan art, without sufficient reason. Were there such a style, with its peculiar character, it should be chiefly sought in the monuments which arose in the chief residences of the people, in Etruria Proper, not in the Etrurian Colonies of Lower Italy, where the manners, arts, and language of the Greeks settled in the neighbourhood must certainly have exercised an influence. Besides, it might not be easy to distinguish the coins of cities originally Greek from those originally Etruscan, as far as style is concerned. This, however, our author does not even attempt. For when, afterwards, he cites the old coins of Caulonia, Sybaris, and Paestum, as early monuments of Greek art, he at the same time remarks that the Neptune brandishing his trident, on the coins of the last-named city, is in the Etruscan style, whence a transition from the Etruscan to the Greek is again indicated. Moreover, if the coins afford us much light with respect to the history of art, we must bear in mind, lest we be led into error, that, as far as the images of gods are concerned, they may often contain imitations of temple statues; in which case they would not be works of the old style, but only recent copies.—Meyer.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(Continued from page 500.)

L. NEARLY all the names of the gods came from Egypt into Greece. That they came from barbarians, I have found by enquiry, and I think that they chiefly came from Egypt; for, except Poseidon (Neptune) and the Dioscuri, as I have said before, and Hera (Juno), and Hestia (Vesta), and Themis, and the Graces, and the Nereids, the names of all the gods have been always current in Egypt. I here say what has been said by the Egyptians themselves. As for those gods, whom, as they say, they do not know, they seem to me to have been named by the Pelasgi, with the exception of Poseidon. This god they learned from the Libyans; for in the earliest time no one knew the name of Poseidon but the Libyans, who have always held him in great veneration. The Egyptians have no worship of heroes.

LI. These objects and modes of worship, then, the Greeks established, having learned them from the Egyptians. It was not, however, from the Egyptians, but from the Pelasgi, that

* Obesus Etruscus.

they learned the obscene manner* of representing Hermes. The Athenians were the first of the Greeks to adopt this manner, and the rest took it from them; for at the time when the Athenians were already included among the Greeks, the Pelasgi dwelled with them in the same district, whence they also began to be reckoned among the Greeks. Whoever has been initiated into the orgies of the Cabiri(a), as performed by the Samothracians, who took them from the Pelasgi, will know what I mean; for these Pelasgi, who afterwards resided with the Athenians, previously dwelled in Samothrace, and it is from them that the Samothracians took their orgies. The Athenians then, having borrowed the practice from the Pelasgi, were the first to make the images of Hermes in this obscene manner. The Pelasgi give a certain sacred reason concerning him, which is explained in the mysteries at Samothrace.

LII. Formerly the Pelasgi, when they prayed, sacrificed every thing to the gods, as I have heard at Dodona, but they gave no name to any of them, for they had not heard any. They simply called them gods (*θεοί*) as being those who put (*θεύειν*) in order, and distributed all things. When a long time had elapsed, they learned from Egypt the names of the gods, except that of Dionysus (Bacchus), which they did not know till long afterwards. After a while, they consulted the oracle at Dodona about the names; for this is esteemed the most ancient oracle in Greece, and at the time in question it was the only one. When the Pelasgi consulted the oracle, as to whether they should take the names which came from the barbarians, the oracle replied that they should use them. From that time they used the names of the gods when they prayed, and the Greeks took them from the Pelasgi afterwards.

LIII. What was the origin of each of the gods, whether they all existed always, and what they were in form, they did not know till the other day,—as the saying is. For I think Homer and Hesiod were 400 years older than me, and no more, and these it was who made a theogony for the Greeks, gave the gods their epithets, distinguished their several honours and acts (functions), and signified their forms. As for the poets who are said to have preceded these men, it is my opinion that they came after them. The first part of what I have just said I learned from the priestesses at Dodona, but the latter part, concerning Hesiod and Homer, I give as my own opinion.

NOTE.

(a) Let our readers be satisfied with the information that the "Cabiri" were certain mystical deities worshipped at various places, including Samothrace. If they wish to go deeply into the particulars of these illustrious obscenities, and read all that German speculators have written concerning them, they will find occupation for some time to come.

SONNET.

NO. CCXLVIII.

NOVALIS.

A GLITTERING dream of truth, that came and came
Broken and systemless, and never brought
A base whereon the agitated thought
Might rest, and clasp something beyond a name:—
A dream of love—a dull and lightless flame
Killing the heart, which the infection caught:—
Which never gave the seeker what he sought,
Nor even lit him to the shrine of fame.
A world that seem'd inanimate and cold,
That gave no cheering smile—nor even frown'd:
A frame too fragile for an earthly breath;
A sense in youth that all was growing old—
That in the world nought fresh was to be found,—
Life shadowy—reality of death.

N. D.

* Mercurius ithyphallicus.

HENRIETTE SONTAG.

We have just received a small duodecimo pamphlet, purporting to be a "Memoir of the Countess de Rossi," written with evident care as to statistics, but displaying a playful disregard to the rules of grammar and the requisitions of style, and occasionally no great reverence for veracity, from which we take the accompanying extracts, relating to the life and times of the fair and charming Henriette Sontag, which, we trust, will interest our readers. The pamphlet is indited in a bold and ambitious manner, and evidently aims at the æsthetical in composition. It opens with the following startling sentence, the meaning of which, we humbly confess, escapes our simple comprehension:—

"Whether in rapid memoir or in ponderous biography, the life-sketcher or the chronicler must always fair behold the object before him as a model, endowed not only with surpassing moral and physical beauties, but with that individuality of genius, and that peculiar destiny, which separate the few from the crowd."

The feeling which instigated the writer to "take up the cudgels," as the vulgar saying is, for Madame Sontag, may be gleaned from the following terribly severe thunderbolt launched against the Royal Italian Opera. And here, again, we must acknowledge we can hardly pierce through the author's mistiness and spissitude.

"When the circumstances in which Madame Sontag has once more appeared on the horizon with undiminished glory are considered, a feeling of something more than admiration takes possession of the observer. To behold beings, of which there are not one in so many millions, whose existence has scarcely been thought of, come in a critical hour, interpose their power, uphold a noble establishment, and at once defeat all the workings of intrigue, envy, and ingratitude, partakes of that providential character of events to which all others are secondary. This is the second time that such an interposition has occurred as regards the greatest theatrical institution of the country. If there existed in reality such a random power as *chance*, such events could scarcely be reckoned amongst its casualties."

Which, being interpreted, means, that Jenny Lind's and Madame Sontag's appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre were not due to Mr. Lumley's shrewdness and policy, but was entirely owing to a special interposition of Fate. What a fortunate circumstance for Her Majesty's Theatre.

Speaking of Madame Sontag's voice, we find that it

"Is a pure and perfect soprano of the highest register, from the first settlement of her voice—it is 'to the manner born.'"

We have the following astute observation respecting Mozart:

"Had not the Countess Rossi yielded up the German school—had she not resorted to the Italian school to modify her singing, as her great countryman Mozart did, to modify the form his inspirations assumed—her voice would no doubt have been injured," &c., &c., &c.

We were not aware that Mozart "modified the form his inspirations assumed" by having recourse to the Italian school. Very well, then; I hope here be truths!

Let us now proceed to the biography itself, which possesses several interesting features.

"Henriette Sontag was born of a respectable family of artists, of limited means, at Coblenz, on the 3rd of January, 1809. The old saying of the poet, "*nascitur, non fit*," is singularly applicable to this great vocalist. The strong bent for music which pointed out her ultimate vocation, was observable as early as five years of age. At seven years of age, betwixt her exquisite beauty and her exquisite voice, she was known far and wide in her neighbourhood. To gratify the nobility of the district, the authorities of the town, or their friendly neighbours, it was the practice of

Henriette Sontag's mother to place her child on the table, and bid her sing.

"A distinguished traveller, who afterwards beheld her in all effulgence of her triumphs, relates having seen her sing, in this manner, the grand aria of "The Queen of Night," in the *Zauberflöte*—her arms hanging beside her, her eye following a fly on the window, or a butterfly sporting on the flowers without—her voice, so pure, so penetrating, and of angelic tone, flowing as unconsciously, as effortless, and as sportive, as a limpid rill from the mountain side."

Query, would not this afford a capital subject for a pet painting?

"The circle of her fame spread gradually wider and wider, and the *Impresarii* of Germany were not long in awaking to the importance of securing the assistance of the infant wonder. The consequence was, that at eleven years of age she appeared at Darmstadt, in a part written purposely for her, entitled, *The Little Daughter of the Danube*. In spite of her extraordinary success at Darmstadt, her wise and conscientious parents, knowing the fate of infant prodigies when their natural powers are allowed an untutored growth under the artificial warmth of injudicious admiration and the heat of theatres, withdrew the young *prima donna* from the first scene of her successes, and conveyed her to a very distant spot, the Conservatoire of Prague.

"At the Conservatoire of Prague the little maiden and her relative did not cease to be tempted by managers or *Impresarii*. First, attracted by her beauty, they were soon astonished by her aptitude. She successively won the prize of every class of this great school of music, until she earned the highest position; and, placed at the head of the school, she became one of the marvels of the city.

"Scarce three years had elapsed since her matriculation at the Conservatoire, and she had hardly attained the age of fourteen, when she saved the fortunes of that great Imperial Opera of Prague, associated with so many glorious memories of music, and which would be immortalised by the fact alone of having been the stage where the *Clemenza di Tito* and the *Marriage of Figaro* were first produced by Mozart. The favorite *prima donna* of this noble theatre was suddenly taken ill, and so seriously, that there was little hope left of her reappearing for some time. The manager, in despair, and at a loss which way to turn, could think of no other resource to retain his audiences than the appearance of the young prodigy of the Conservatoire—little Henriette Sontag. Such was her proficiency in her art, that her parents no longer saw the same danger in allowing their offspring to tread the fictive scene.

"The capital of Bohemia was not destined long to retain its chief ornament. Long before the conclusion of the season, the Imperial Court had heard of her extraordinary success, and Henriette Sontag was summoned to Vienna, where she appeared the very next season, at the German Opera.

"In our times, we have 'Kings of Railways,' and 'Colossuses of Roads,' indebted to good luck for their success. At the time Henriette Sontag *débuté* at Vienna, there existed in Italy also *millionaire Impresarii*, only indebted for pre-eminence to the favours of chance. That curious original, Barbaja, the lessee at the same time of the largest German and Italian Theatres, was born under the luckiest of stars. Since his day, his successors in Italy, having found talent becoming daily rarer, have watched every young talent as it rose, taken possession of it, and worked *them* (*a*) until the death of *their* voices, before they had a chance of the maturation of *their* powers, in singing operas of composers who strive to conceal their sterility under noise and exaggeration, both dramatic and instrumental. In our days, to be a successful lessee, you must be possessed of indefatigable genius, as well as industry; Barbaja, on the contrary, found musical genius of all kinds at his command to speculate upon. Not only were there Catalanis, Pastas, Malibrans, Garcias, Donzellis, Rubinis, Lablaches, &c., in ample number (*b*), but all the operas that Paer, Winter, Paesiello, Cimarosa, and Mozart had written, were fresh in the lyrical *épertoire*, and composers of equal merit were living, and could be monopolized

for money. In the Villa Barbaja, the palace the fortunate *impresario* had built for him (*c*) on the Posillipo, at Naples, you may, half way up the hill, on the third story (*d*), see the room where, in the dog-days, Rossini wrote his *Otello*, standing at a desk, in the costume of *terrestrial paradise*, with a Chucharoo boy fanning him behind with the back torn from a large music-book. When managers had such slaves responding to their behests, like the genius to the lamp of Aladdin, they might easily live and rule like sultans, with a Mahomet's paradise upon earth. Thus it was with Barbaja. With the assistance of the great alchymist, Rossini, who turned so readily 'notes into gold,' he thought he knew and mostly had secured all the talent available to his theatre that existed in Europe. In those days, not only a Scandinavian *cantatrice* (*e*) was not dreamt of, but it was thought that the South alone could produce a great singer for the Italian lyrical stage.

"When he arrived at Vienna in 1824, such was, however, the report of the fame of young Sontag, that the great *sybarite* (*f*) of the day condescended at last to visit the German Opera, even at the sacrifice of having his ears, accustomed to the melodious 'lingua Toscana,' torn by the guttural discordance of the Teutonic tongue. On hearing Henriette Sontag sing, Barbaja was overcome with astonishment. To this feeling succeeded dismay, when, having immediately applied to her parents, he found in them a *polite* but most unquestionable *abhorrence* (*g*) for the Italian stage, which they were afraid would lead their daughter to the land of *moral laziness*, of *Cicesbei* and *Patiti*, of

"Passeboard triumph, and the cavalcade,
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress and a sain: in every grove."

"In vain he tempted them with an *El Dorado* in perspective—the conscientious Germans would not *concede* at first a single iota of his wishes. The world, to whom *she* (*h*) has imparted so much pure enjoyment,—and, fortunately, will now impart so much more in time to come,—was near never hearing the great vocalist sing in an euphonious language, in that which made her fame universal, and led her to visit England and France.

"At last, however, after repeated efforts, some concession was made, although Barbaja's fate was like that of the hero of the classical poet—the gods vouchsafed but half his prayer. Henriette Sontag was allowed to appear at the Italian Opera at Vienna, but she alone, of all the great singers of those days, never visited Italy. Many an evening the goodnatured Neapolitan *Impresario*, a still greater epicure in gastronomy than in music, after enjoying a dinner such as Lucullus was wont to degustate nearly on the same spot, as he walked on his palace terrace and looked down across the inlet to San Carlo (*i*), would grow moody when he thought of what he lost by the rooted aversion of Sontag's parents; and then he would anathematise the *Maledetti Tedeschi*, the born enemies of his country, with an energy, if not with a poetry, worthy of the patriotic *Fitticaja*—for they, like all the other invaders of Italy, "never gave her anything but blows and slavery, and always took away everything they could, not leaving even an Iron Crown or a funeral urn to preserve the ashes of past greatness."

A fine, well-spun, and felicitously balanced sentence, although, we confess, we are sceptical as to the meaning of "an Iron Crown which preserves the ashes of past greatness."

"The important change for the musical world at large was, however, effected. The next season Henriette Sontag was engaged to sing in Italian at Vienna, and removed to the Carinthia, having for her colleagues vocalists of such a calibre, that one of them, "il buon Rubin," has never been surpassed; whilst all those who have enjoyed the talents of the other, Lablache, feel that not only he has never been, but cannot imagine that he ever will be, equalled.

"Amongst the company at the Carinthia there was another exquisite artist, who was destined, as a model of style, to exert a great influence on the career of Sontag, who has now risen so much higher in the world's estimation than her fair predecessor ever attained, eminent as she was. As soon as the young Sontag, the most conscientious of artists (no slight portion of her success

(a) Mark the grammar!

(b) Query, how many?

(c) Query? Himself! (d) Story of the hill!
(f) Certainly not; for Jenny Lind was not then born.
(f) Who? Rossini, Barbaja, or Sontag? (g) Folite abhorrence! Admirable!
(A) Who? Lucullus, or Barbaja?

being due to her severity of judgment on herself), had heard Madame Fodor, a new light broke upon her; with tears in her eyes, she threw her arms round her mother's neck, conjured her to take her home and give her a piano."

This does not exactly tally with the account rendered above of Mademoiselle Sontag's musical progress. Surely, she who had obtained the prize of every class of that great school of music, the *Conservatoire* of Prague, and had earned the highest position, and been placed at the head of the school, need not have been driven to the verge of despair by a third-rate Italian vocalist like Fodor.

"Her wish accomplished, she sat at her piano, working night and day at improving herself, and never leaving her home but when there was a rehearsal for Fodor, when she would hide herself in a corner of the house, and her ears would drink up with enthusiasm every note that dropped from the great *prima donna*, who has left a memory still enduring with the old *habitués* of her Majesty's Theatre. Madame Fodor, on the other hand, hearing the young inexperienced *prima donna* sing for the first time, exclaimed, 'Had I her voice, I should hold the whole world at my feet!'

A proof Sontag was not at that time a great artist, notwithstanding all the sensation created,

"The Prussian *dilettanti* employed every means to bring Henriette Sontag to their capital. At the end of the Italian Opera season at Vienna she was persuaded to come to Berlin, to support by her attraction the *Königstadt* Theatre, just opened. There she was joined by distinguished German lyricists, such as Jäger, Wächter, Sager, and Spitzeder (j). She was obliged to sing the translations of the operas of Rossini and of the French *répertoire*, then all the fashion at Berlin. Her success, however, was immense. Every seat in the house was taken, in anticipation, long before the days of performance: and we remember well, being there at the time, (k) that the foreigners of rank who arrived in Berlin, finding it impossible to purchase a seat at any price, were obliged to apply to Count de Bruhl, the minister of the '*Menus plaisirs du roi*', to obtain an obscure seat at the back of the Court, or of the diplomatic box.

The love as well as admiration excited by Madlle. Sontag during her residence at Berlin, gave rise to many singular incidents. Not allowed to approach the object of their idolatry, her adorers had recourse to the most eccentric expedients to express their devotion. It is related that a young man of rank was so desperately enamoured of her, as to resort to the romantic expedient of hiring himself as a servant in the family, to have the pleasure of constantly seeing her; nor was the truth suspected by the object of his adoration, or any one else, until the gentleman's own relations discovered him, and removed him from the vicinity of the attraction.

"Whilst at the Berlin theatre, overtures were made to Madlle. Sontag from the Italian Opera in Paris—then belonging to the Crown, and under the control of Vicomte Sosthene de la Rochefoucault, who for many years ruled, under the Restoration, the theatres of France, and endeavoured, with rather dubious success, to apply the 'Maxima' of his witty ancestor to the government of stage affairs. As M. Sosthene had for negotiator in this treaty the great Rossini, who had made Madlle. Sontag's acquaintance in Vienna, his wishes, amongst the offers made from all quarters, prevailed. Madlle. Sontag made her first appearance in Paris at the beginning of the season. She arrived in Paris at the close of the year 1827, after a triumphal 'Progress' through Holland and the Rhenane provinces, in which she gathered abundantly both those crowns which are supposed always to be made of laurel, as well as those which bear the effigies of monarchs. (l) Paris was then the centre of taste and the metropolis of art—the occupation of the whole population, the enjoyment of pleasures, or the ministering to its desires and caprices. Madlle. Sontag's voice and beauty produced a *furore*—each note produced a murmur or an exclamation. No feature of hers escaped a sonnet, from her eyebrow to her pretty foot."

(j) Very distinguished.

(k) Twenty-five years ago! The critic has had plenty of time to perfect himself in criticism and the art of writing.

(l) We should like to know what crowns these are?

We never knew before that a foot was a "feature." We have always been taught to consider it a "limb," or an "extremity." Perhaps the writer meant to convey that a "pretty foot" was one of Sontag's chief features. But then, "between her eyebrow and her foot, the *Cantatrice* was serenaded in every feature!" The writer could not have intended that every part of Sontag, from eyebrow to foot, was made the subject of special fourteen-line eulogy. Certainly not; then what did he mean? We cannot decide, nor guess.

"In this, her first engagement at Paris, she made her *début* in *Desdemona*. She also performed with great success *La Donna del Lago*, (m) *Cenerentola*, and other first characters in the first operas of the day. The Italian Opera season ended, she was eagerly engaged for the next season, and her support secured. She then returned to her engagement at Berlin,—once more at the *Königstadt* Theatre. Here she was destined to receive, in a very novel form, the greatest compliment she had as yet met with. The Berliners, who justly deemed her the brightest living ornament of their capital, and considered her as a Prussian, and thus, for two reasons, their property, were indignant that she left Berlin for Paris, and still more, that she had taken another engagement, and intended to leave them once more. When she appeared, for the first time after her return, in the *Italiana in Algeri*, from all parts of the house there was an explosion of hisses and groans, interspersed with exclamations—'What a shame to leave us!' 'Give up your engagement with the hateful French!' 'Promise, —wear you will remain with us!' &c., &c. The alarm of the manager and of the vocalists engaged in the *Italiana* was boundless. The jealous husband of the *lilretto*, the favoured *cécisbeo*, even the erotic sultan and his janissaries fled from the theatre, whilst for twenty minutes the fair vocalist remained alone on the stage, mute, and immovable as the statue of some nymph in a garden, abiding the pelting of a storm. Vain were the efforts of the audience:—

'Speret—sudet multum, frustraque labore.'

they could extract no concession from the goddess of their idolatry; their courage to persecute her further failed them, and they determined to enjoy the present moment,—'advenne que pourra!' From that night unto the end of the season the applause and enthusiasm of the audiences of the *Königstadt* knew no bounds, when the singer who had at first regaled with their fiercest sibilations was on the stage.

"Madlle. Sontag returned to Paris in December 1827. The Italian Opera was then fallen under the rule of M. Laurent. There she found Malibran in the plenitude of her fame and glory."

The writer has committed himself twice. First; Mademoiselle Sontag did not meet Malibran at all; she met Maria Felicia Garcia, a mere girl, a year or two younger than Sontag herself. Secondly; Malibran, or Garcia, so far from being in the zenith of her fame and glory, was a crude, unfinished artist, with plenty of indications of talent, but nothing developed or directed. The truth is, all this writing about two girls who had only commenced studying and appreciating art, in reality is egregious twaddle. No great artist ever arrived at the zenith of his power at the age of seventeen or eighteen. Malibran died in 1837, in her twenty-eighth year, consequently at this period she was no more than in her eighteenth year.

"The theatrical gossips and the Parisian *gobemouches* either hoped or expected,—all of them predicted,—that a war was about to arise betwix the two stars now forced to move in the same orbit,—a war which would eclipse the encounters of Juno and Venus, in the days of Paris and of the siege of Troy. For once, the Greeks of Paris, and the Trojans of the *Salle Favart*, were disappointed."

"Among all the tenders of marriage, the fortunate object of Madlle. Sontag's choice was a member of the diplomatic body then accredited at the *Tuilleries*. Count de Rossi, then a very young man, was already at that period *Conseiller d' Ambassade* of the Sardinian mission. He had good looks, elegant manners, taste,

(m) "La Donna del Lago" is not a character, it is an opera.

and the conversation which distinguish the travelled man and the real *homme de qualité*.

"The time was arrived when the Countess de Rossi must leave Paris once more. The regret was universal; by this time she had endeared herself to every one. If at Paris Madlle. Sontag was admired by the public at large for her talents and her beauty, her gentle and amiable character and her generosity in private life gained her the esteem of all circles of society.

"It will now be asked, what had the Direction of Her Majesty's Theatre been doing during the years that the great capitals had been enjoying the gifts of Countess Rossi? As regards distant things, no great foresight or vigilance could be expected from those who formerly directed this institution. The engagement of Madlle. Sontag was too far-fetched an effort. Whilst she was at Vienna or Berlin, affairs at home absorbed too much of the time and attention of the unfortunate lessor for the time being. When Madlle. Sontag came to the *Italiens* in Paris, the lessor might venture without risk to wish to vary and increase the amusement of the public and his own receipts. In 1827, Mr. Ebers was the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre. He was naturally anxious to make an engagement with a lady whose talents and beauty were the constant theme and conversation amongst the travelled *dilettanti*. In September, 1827, he wrote to her in Paris, offering a large sum for those days, although at present totally inadequate to tempt the queen of the lyrical stage to pay their "angel visits" to any theatre."

Mademoiselle Sontag was compelled to decline Mr. Eber's offer, in consequence of previous engagements. But the manager was pressed by the subscribers and the public, and again had recourse to epistolary entreaty. All his applications, however, proved vain. We cannot quite clearly understand whether, after all, the public were indebted to the Duke of Devonshire, or the successors of Mr. Ebers, for the appearance of Mademoiselle Sontag.

"The successors of Mr. Ebers, Laurent, and Laporte, were destined to reap the benefit of these applications. The queens of the lyrical stage, like the heroes and heroines of Shakespeare, come on with tenfold effect when alarms and flourishes are previously sounded. (m) These negotiations had raised the expectations of the musical world of the English metropolis, and, for once, their imaginations were not destined in any respect to be disappointed in the *contemplation of the reality* (n). The Duke of Devonshire, for so many years the liberal and tasteful patron of every kind of art, was the first to make society enjoy the talents of the wonderful artist."

At that rate it was to his Grace's influence, not her own abilities, that Madlle. Sontag was indebted for her first reputation. The sentence is exceedingly clumsy.

"Her *début* took place at a concert at Devonshire House, in the Easter week. Such was her reputation, not only for musical genius, but for beauty, elegance, and *fascination of every kind*, that the crowds of eager spectators in the streets equalled the throng of nobility, rank, and fashion, under the roof of the great *dilettante* and patron of art, the Duke of Devonshire. A few days afterwards she made her first appearance at her Majesty's Theatre, when she more than realised the high expectations which had been raised. When she first appeared in *Rosina*, she revelled and luxuriated in roulades, arpeggios, and fanciful divisions; and, subsequently, in *Donna Anna*, she proved that she could sing in the chanciest classical style, and produce the same effect by pure sentiment and expression, as she had done before by floriture and staccato passages."

We strongly suspect there is something else required besides a chaste classical style and pure sentiment and expression, to render the music of *Donna Anna* as the composer intended. We have seen Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, and Pauline Garcia in the character, and have never failed to discover that the power, passion, and intense energy developed by these great artists was necessary to the realization. We do not say Madame

Sontag does not possess these qualities, but we have not seen her in a part which demanded them.

"After the season of 1828, Madame de Rossi went to Paris, where, from family reasons, she retired from the stage until the early part of the season 1829. Malibran undertook her parts during her retirement from the stage."

Mademoiselle Sontag returned to London in 1829, and appeared in the *Cenerentola*, *Barbiere*, *La Donna del Lago*, *Semiramide*, *Tancredi*, *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Otello*, *Matrimonio Segreto*, and the *Zauberflöte*. The company this season was very strong; it embraced the names of Malibran, Sontag, Pisaroni, Donzellini, Curioni, Galli, Zucchelli, &c., &c. Mademoiselle Sontag made her last appearance as Desdemona, in *Otello*, on Saturday, July the 25th, of the same year.

"From England the Countess Rossi went to Prussia. After having sung the usual time at Berlin, she repaired to Warsaw. In the Polish capital she was overtaken by a revolution (p)—source of so many sanguinary conflicts in that kingdom. However, this convulsion only led Madame de Rossi to increased triumphs. She removed to St. Petersburg: and there her singing produced unparalleled effect. The Emperor and Empress conceived for her the greatest partiality, and she was the object of that delicate, as well as generous liberality, for which the Court of the Czar is so renowned.

"Meantime the Count de Rossi had been compelled to separate from his lady. The aspect of affairs in Belgium demanded that a young and active diplomatist should be dispatched to the King of the Netherlands. The Sardinian Cabinet chose Count Rossi, and he received orders in 1830 immediately to repair to Brussels. There he was still in 1830, when the revolution broke out—in truly lyrical style—after a performance of *Masaniello*! * * * The King of Sardinia, cognizant of all the amiable qualities, as well as virtues, which fitted the great vocalist for the most exalted sphere of society, at last authorised the Count Rossi openly to announce his marriage. Madame de Rossi, at St. Petersburg, bid adieu to the stage; and, arriving at the Hague, the Count Rossi presented her to the whole diplomatic body assembled and to the Court. If her reception at first was most kindly courteous, in a very short time it was friendly in the extreme, and she became the idol of the society of the Hague.

"In 1845, the Sardinian Cabinet appointed Count Rossi Envoy to the Confederation of the Rhine, at Frankfort. Here the reputation of Madame Rossi had preceded her. The diplomatic functionaries at Frankfort hastened to celebrate her arrival. During her residence at Frankfort, her life glided away cheerfully, amidst general esteem and domestic happiness."

Count Rossi is next appointed Envoy from the Sardinian Court to St. Petersburg.

"On the arrival of M. and Madame de Rossi at St. Petersburg, their reception, on the part of the Emperor and Empress, was marked by every circumstance most gratifying to their feelings; and for three years they continued to reside in the imperial capital, in a position of special favour.

"Shortly after they arrived, the Empress became solicitous to avail herself of Madame de Rossi at some sacred concerts which her Majesty was desirous to give at the Winter Palace, and likewise in some operatic performances, with the assistance of the amateurs and *dilettanti* of her Court. Madame de Rossi was most anxious to gratify the august lady."

The permission of the King of Sardinia having been obtained, Madame de Rossi sang at the Court Concerts; and then the writer gives a glowing account of her success, and enters into details, wherein he runs foul of the modern school of passionate singing, as in no respect agreeing with Madame de Rossi's purely poetic style.

(m) Too true—Jenny Lind to witness. (n) The words in italics are superfluous.

(p) A revolution running after a lady is an idea so novel, that we cannot forbear from expressing our gratitude to the author.

"In 1842, Count Rossi obtained leave of absence to visit his family at Vienna, and the Countess accompanied him."

"In 1843, the Sardinian cabinet removed Count Rossi, as its representative, to Berlin. At this *dilettante* Court, Madame de Rossi was received with the warmest welcome."

"From the Court she experienced the highest favour. The present King of Prussia is a great lover of music. In his *répertoire* he occasionally admits the older composers, those whose strains, like Mozart's and Glück's, required no reasoning, no scientific study, to be felt, but were at once comprehended, and charmed the ear and touched the heart."

This is a somewhat new theory. If Mozart and Glück's operas require no reasoning and no scientific study to be felt, we should like much to be informed what music does. Perhaps the writer had in his mind's eye the elaborate compositions of Verdi and his kind.

"In the execution of these works, in the private circle of the King and Queen, Madame de Rossi was an immense acquisition.

"In Berlin, the home of the Countess Rossi was habitually the resort of every person exalted in rank, as well as by the *famosi* of science, art, and literature, such as Humboldt, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, &c. The Princess of Prussia, who holds so distinguished a position amongst the princesses of the Continent, honoured Madame de Rossi with the most affectionate regard, whilst the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh treated her almost as a daughter—the Count and Countess passing three months every season at Strelitz."

"At last came the fatal year 1848, when a political eruption, unprecedented in magnitude and extent, fell upon the whole fabric of human happiness on the Continent, as unforeseen and destructive as the volcanic outbursts which, in a past age buried Pompeii (g.), Madame de Rossi's fortune was placed partly with bankers, partly in commercial securities; commerce ceased, public credit was shaken, and private credit lost, and with the latter the fortune of Madame de Rossi. Shortly afterwards followed the events in Sardinia, threatening the Count Rossi with the loss of that office which he had so long and honourably held. On the first news of the losses experienced by Madame de Rossi, the Direction of Her Majesty's Theatre made ample offers to the unfortunate lady, in case she should deem it necessary to return to the scene of her former triumphs. Later offers were made by other parties, and emissaries sent to Berlin secretly to treat with the great vocalist. They were at once refused. As events assumed a darker complexion, Madame de Rossi grew more anxious for her children, and used every endeavour to prevail on her husband to sacrifice the prejudices of rank, and the sweets of office, to the welfare of their children.

"An artist of European fame, who commands admiration by his talents, M. Thalberg, happened some months since to be in Berlin, and is said to have seconded Madame de Rossi's efforts. Communications were resumed with the Direction of Her Majesty's Theatre, and the Count Rossi repaired to Turin to endeavour to release himself from his duties. After some delay, the Count obtained permission from his sovereign to retire for a time from his career. From Turin the Count returned to Berlin; there Mr. Lumley had suddenly arrived—every arrangement was made, and a week after he had left Berlin, the Count and Countess Rossi arrived in London in a manner totally unforeseen. In a week more she appeared on the stage; and although, unlike other great singers, she had not been preceded by those announcements which habitually long beforehand herald forth a *prima donna*, and work upon public expectation, her reception was one never surpassed in enthusiasm."

We have retained as much as possible of this biography, because we fancied the subject would be interesting to our readers, and because we think we may depend upon the writer's fidelity as to details. An account of so celebrated and so delightful an artist must needs gratify curiosity; and, as far as biographical statistics go, we feel inclined to take the author of the little pamphlet by the hand. We also coincide with him in every word he utters respecting the goodness and

purity of Madame Sontag, and this is one reason why we have extracted so much from the "Memoirs." With regard to her talents, vocal and histrionic, we hold very different opinions from the writer, but shall not here refer to them, as we contemplate in our next number giving an analysis of the powers and capabilities of Henrietta Sontag in No. ... of our "Operatic Stars."

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

No. III.—Op. 55.

(Continued from page 525.)

We come now to the *scherzo*.

In the performance of the entire work this movement produces an effect which we lose if it be heard detached from the rest of the symphony, as this effect arises not merely from the ideas of which the *scherzo* is composed, and from their skilful development, but from the relation that the whole movement bears to the *adagio* which precedes it. I have at some length called attention to the powerful impression created by the slow movement, an impression of depth, of earnestness, of solemnity, that remains upon the feelings for long after the music has ceased. So completely are we overcome by this sensible impression, that it may well be supposed, as in a real sorrow, that the gradual influence of forgetfulness alone can withdraw it. In the temperament thus induced, it seems as though any music of gaiety, almost any music whatever, would strike upon the feelings as foreign, antipathetic, irrelaxant, impertinent, disagreeing, intrusive, insulting; we seem to require a continual silence, to require to be left alone with our thoughts, the circle of which may expand itself till it becomes indefinite, but, if attempted to be broken, collapses on its centre, and renders this peculiarly painfully articulate. It is extraordinary, it is wonderful, that, occurring in this situation, the *scherzo*, differing as it does wholly in character from the *Marcia Funèbre*, should not jar upon our sensitiveness, rendered exquisitely acute by the impression it has received; nay, more, that, on the contrary, it produces this effect of which I have spoken, and which is as of pouring a stream of fresh air into the dungeon of a suffocating captive, of raising a burthen from the bosom that has checked its heaving, of withdrawing a bandage from the eyes that has excluded the light of heaven; truly,

"It loosens the serpent that care has bound

Around the heart, to stile it."

This may be cited as a striking and a perfectly satisfactory example of that which is most difficult to explain, namely, of what constitutes the relationship or connection between the several separate movements of a symphony, of what form the unity of these several separate portions in an entire work of art. It is rarely that one can form any probable conjecture of a composer's meaning in the variously contrived analogies and contrast of the successive movements of a great instrumental work; we must, for the most part, be satisfied as we are delighted with the effect of such analogies and contrasts, and leave to him who has conceived it the consciousness of whatever feeling has induced his conception; in the present instance, however, what may be called the poetical intention of the musician is unusually obvious, and thus, generally comprehensible as we find it, it may well teach us to believe in, if not to look for, something beyond the mere notes in every composition that aims at the loftiest style of imaginative writing.

In this *scherzo* we trace identically the same style as characterises the corresponding movements in the two earlier symphonies, but it is here decidedly more fully developed; the plan is more extensive, the modulations more numerous and

more various, and the movement altogether considerably longer. This is well worthy of remark, since it affords a very appreciable illustration of the progress of Beethoven's musical mind, as exemplified in the gradual modification of his habit of thought and style of writing, of which the nine symphonies written at different epochs of his career may be considered to form an epitome.

There is mystery, there is intensity, and, with these, there is irrepressible elation in the outset of this movement, which is no less exciting, though of entirely other emotions than that

which precedes it; and these characteristics, by turns successively more or less predominant, are now lost throughout. It is, probably, to the mystery and to the intensity of the musical feeling that pervades this *scherzo*, that we are to attribute its consonance with the deep emotions excited by the previous Adagio, and its perfect and singular fitness to the situation in which it is placed; and it is to the elation which constitutes the chief excitement that we may unquestionably ascribe the total revolution of feeling that it never fails to effect in the hearer.

The image shows a page from a musical score. The top staff is in G major (indicated by a G-clef), B-flat minor (indicated by a B-flat key signature), and 3/4 time. The tempo is Allegro e Vivace. The dynamic is Sempre pp e Staccato. The bottom staff is in C major (indicated by a C-clef), B-flat minor (indicated by a B-flat key signature), and 4/4 time. Both staves feature a series of eighth-note chords and single notes, with the top staff's notes being higher in pitch than the bottom staff's notes.

This passage, with which the movement opens, and which several times recurs in the course of it, can, I think, scarcely be called the *subject*, so vague is it in feeling, so indefinite in rhythm, and so little use is made of it in the general development of the plan; but it may be better described as something preludial, from which arises—out of which springs—the phrase of principal if not of entire interest in the movement which

indicates the prevailing character of the whole, and which is sufficiently intertwined with the whole to make this character always prevalent. The following may be better cited as the principal subject, which we shall prove no less in our examination of the sequel than we evidence in the strong and satisfactory impression it at once makes upon us.

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' featuring two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics 'O'er the rampart we watch' are written below the staves.

Such is the First Part, which is repeated with somewhat fuller instrumentation, and with the peculiarity of a B flat pedal bass to the first four bars, that adds much to their mysterious effect, and connects them more particularly with the phrase in the key of B flat that grows out of them. The second part continues for a long time the extreme pianissimo with which the movement opens, and which gives impressiveness rather than delicacy to the effect of the whole. A gradual series of modulations brings us into the key of F major, where we have the eight bars I have described as forming the subject. This is an unusual key (the major second of the original) to be made so prominent; but it is justified, I think, first, by the length of the movement, which renders, as I have elsewhere observed, somewhat extraneous modulations necessary for

variety, and not unsatisfactory from the long prevalence of the original tonic and of the more closely related keys; and, second, by the importance given to the key of B flat, in which the subject is first introduced, and from which, rather than from the original tonic, this modulation into F may be felt to be a digression. It must be admitted, however, and equally felt, that such a course of modulation is entirely in opposition to the principles that regulate the alternate authentic and plagal answers of a fugue—principles evidently founded upon and resulting in the best general effect of the conduct of a movement, whether free or fugal. There is great point in the following passage, which effectively and naturally grows out of, or continues, or prolongs, this introduction of the subject:—

Viol. 1.
Viol. 2.
Fl.
Ob.
Fag.
Viola.

This is repeated in sequence, and leads to a half-close on D, the dominant of G minor. From this place we have a most striking and unexpected return to the original key; we have had a long passage in unison of all the string instruments, then the tenors are left alone for four bars repeating the D, which is still felt to be the dominant of G minor; then the violoncellos and basses enter with the B flat, a third below, which single note assumes at once the character of the new key to which it is to lead us, and the opening of the first part being introduced upon this dominant pedal, steals upon us in a manner both startling and satisfactory, and we find ourselves in such doubting certainty as that of a child who hears a well-known voice cry "Guess who I am," and feels two loving and beloved hands press down his eye-lids. Here follows repetition of the first part with what I have called *the subject*, again in the key of B flat, the effect being somewhat coloured by the slight modification in the orchestral arrangement. It is peculiar, at this period of the movement, to repeat so important a feature, not in the original tonic, but this peculiarity (which would,—were the movement of ordinary proportions, and closed, as precedent leads us to expect, shortly after this recapitulation,—be decidedly a defect, insomuch as it would render very ambiguous, which was indeed the original tonic, by reason of the prevalence of the dominant,)—this peculiarity is fully justified by the sequel, and may be cited as a truly effective originality in form that is not one of the best evidences of the power of a composer's mind. Up to this point the music surely may be supposed to embody a fluttering of the heart,—a wildness of emotion—to which joy in vain gives wings while anxiety still imposes fetters,—a hope all but realized, that has acquired the acutest intensity as its fulfilment has seemed to approach; such hope as is almost the synonyme of fear, that link between pleasure and pain which may be said to constitute a third feeling, like to both and yet unlike each in its sensations: from this point we cannot but feel that an entire change of expression colours the character of the movement; hope gives place to certainty, to a consciousness of possession; joy soars

on strongest pinions unrestrained; the heart no longer flutters, but beats with full delight. Who has trembled to utter his dearest desire, lest its birth in words should prove its death in hope, and who has found from such utterance the proof, the only proof, of its preaccomplishment, can and must sympathise with the expression which, to those who have such a key to its meaning, this music discloses. The subject is here given in E flat, the original key of the movement, and introduces, for the first time, a *fortissimo* of the whole orchestra. Here commences what, in the earlier form of movement upon which this is so important an innovation, would be considered as the Coda of the Scherzo, but what, in this instance, from its great length and consequent importance, comprising, as it does, nearly half the matter of the whole, bears an entirely different relation to the rest of the movement, and forms a new and very material feature in the plan. It is the very large proportion that the sequel bears to the preceding part of this scherzo, that, I think, justifies the unusual predominance of the key of B flat, and the prominent modulation into F, as a relative of this key, which I have noticed as forming a great peculiarity in the construction of the movement, inasmuch as we have from this point to the end a long continuance in the original tonic, with but transient digressions to its immediate relatives, that happily balances the general effect, and renders this key of E flat, as it should be, the preponderant and the principal. The subject is here answered in strict canon by the basses; this answer, which enters at the third bar of the subject, is so perfectly natural as to sanction the supposition that the original subject may have been constructed with express reference to it; the effect of this contrapuntal artifice is, on this account, most felicitous, and its introduction in this situation entirely fulfils what must have been the composer's intention, namely, to impart equally vigour and dignity to the whole. The subject is now greatly prolonged, the form of canon being for some time strictly preserved; this finally breaks off into the following powerful passage for the whole orchestra in unison,



The cross accent of this imparts to it a peculiarity and a prominence to which the composer evidently attached great importance, as we find, in a subsequent part of the movement, that he has extended, or, perhaps to speak better, greatly enforced the idea. This passage is full of meaning, and is equally material in the development of the poetical expression and of the musical design; it seems an outburst of exultation such as cannot be restrained, the excess of that elation of spirit which this latter portion of the scherzo so successfully embodies. A succession of modulations formed on the preludial phrase that opens the movement, preserves admirably the striking charac-

teristics with which this phrase so greatly qualifies the general effect. The excitement of this passage is considerably heightened by the several sections of two bars being allotted alternately to the choirs of wind and string instruments, the successive responses of which keep the attention incessantly on the alert. There is now introduced an entirely new idea, growing out of the previous passage, it is true, but wholly unindicated or unanticipated by anything that has preceded it in the movement, which is of very considerable interest, and, occurring at this period of the plan, quite unexpected, and no less satisfactory; it consists of the following passage—

which thus forms a double counterpoint;

and this passage, now somewhat extended, brings us to the conclusion of the second part.

Here follows the *trio*, which is considerably more simple in form than the *scherzo*, of which it is the alternative, but scarcely less markedly characteristic. The subject, or melody, that constitutes the first part is composed for three horns, and is accordingly distinguished both by the particular intervals that the limited scale of these instruments necessitates, and by the rich, round, ringing mellowness of tone that no other orchestral combination can produce. The second part is made to contrast well with the first by the employment of more rapid notes in the melody, of shorter rhythmical phrases, and by an entirely different orchestral distribution. We are always struck with a somewhat singular passage for the flute, oboe, and bassoon, in double octaves without harmonic accompaniment, that has a remarkable effect of acuteness, and by the continuation of this with the string instruments, in which alternate bars are given to the different sides of the orchestra. This brings us to the reprise of the first part with the three horns, the conclusion of which is somewhat unexpectedly and very effectively prolonged. It is evident, with respect to this trio, first, that Beethoven must have conceived it, not completed,

it before he put into score any other portion of the symphony; and, second, that he must have considered it of great consequence to the general effect, from the circumstance of there being in this trio only obligato parts for three horns, a complement equally unusual in the orchestral writing of this composer and of all others, and from there being a part for a third horn incorporated in the score of every other movement, though there is no particular effect attained or even attempted by means of this extra instrument. The expression of the trio appears to be of a more tranquil placid character than that of the *scherzo*; it is as the repose of contentment from the rapture of delight.

The *Da Capo* of the *scherzo* presents a peculiarity in the alteration or enforcement, almost exaggeration of the unison passage of false accent that forms so prominent a feature near the end of the second part, from which we may conclude what I have already suggested, that Beethoven attached to this phrase great importance as a point of expression, for it affects but little the technical arrangement of the movement. At the repetition of this phrase, the measure is changed into two in a bar, thus:

Alla Breve,

which gives an extraordinary character of wildness and rhapsody to the whole passage. The original conclusion of the *scherzo* is now prolonged by the addition of a short coda, which renews, if it can be said ever to have ceased, the peculiar

excitement with which the movement opens, and so completes, as it were, a circle,—a panorama of emotion, which if once broken could never be rekindled.

G. A. MACFARREN.

(To be continued.)

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE season having closed at Her Majesty's Theatre, extra nights and all, on Saturday night last, enabled the spirited manager of our theatre to give this week to the musical public of Manchester a great treat; no less than three Italian operas—*Il Barbiere*, *Don Pasquale*, and *Otello*—the principals being all from Mr. Lumley's establishment; including Madame Sontag, Signori Moriani, Calzolari, Colletti, Belletti, F. Lablache, and last, not least, the Lablache himself. The orchestra being at the same time raised immensely in efficiency by no less than twelve principals from Mr. Balf's corps, conducted by himself—Tolbecque, Nadaud, Hughes, Piatti, Anglois, Remusat, Lavigne, Belletti, Tamplini, Sleglick, Zeiss, Marran, whose names alone are a sufficient guarantee that no expense was spared by the management to give the greatest completeness to the performances.

The prices, notwithstanding the great outlay, were on a moderate scale. Dress circle 10s. 6d., upper 7s. 6d., pit 5s., and galleries 2s. 6d. With such a treat in store, and a far more complete and talented body of artists than assisted at the Jenny Lind opera last year and the year before, at prices a third or a fourth of what *then* was charged, we quite expected a regular bumper every night, more especially when it is taken into consideration how very rarely it is that *the* Lablache can now be tempted into opera in the provinces (it is ten years since he last appeared in opera in Manchester!) and that the probability is that one of these days he will most likely be retiring from the stage altogether; we should have thought that to *see* so great an actor, perhaps for the last time—to say nothing of his singing, or the charming Sontag, or the other talented artists—would alone have brought crowded houses. And to say the least, we hoped that the experiment of such moderate charges for the greatest talent in the country would have been sufficiently successful to have made it worth Mr. Knowles's while to have brought down a similar party every year, the week after the opera closed. Alas! for our fond wishes; last night was the first night, and the result is a loss of something like £200 to the proprietor! The dress circle and private boxes alone were filled; but at the prices nothing less than a full theatre in every part would pay. The pit was not one-third filled, the upper-circle not half, and the galleries not one-fourth.

But let us to a more satisfactory theme—let us speak of the performance. The overture was played with great spirit by the small but highly talented orchestra, under the baton of their distinguished *chef*—the string, as usual in provincial theatres, not being sufficiently numerous to balance the wood and brass, albeit Messrs. Tolbecque, Seymour, and Nadaudi's three fiddles were a host, to say nothing of Piatti and Anglois. Then the little soli passages for the wind instruments were all taken up so splendidly, and with such beautiful tones, by Remusat on his flute, Lavigne on the oboe, Belletti's clarinet, Tamplini's bassoon, and Sleglick's horn, as to leave little to be desired, all through the opera, with Rossini's brilliant accompaniments. It was a great treat to listen to such orchestral playing alone. The opening scene was at first not so smooth by our Manchester chorus; they appeared afraid of it at start; but by the time they got to the humorous and teasing "Mille grazie," they had got more confidence, and sang it with firmness and precision. Calzolari sang "Ecco ridente" with great taste, and showed himself equal to

Rossini's perhaps too florid runs and cadences in this well-known song. His voice is a high tenor—more a head than a chest voice, but of great sweetness and flexibility. He has thin features and a small figure, which did not quite enable him to realise in appearance the noble and gallant Count Almaviva; but he acted the part very respectably, and sang the music like a thorough artist. Colletti looked Figaro to the life. His voice is of considerable depth and power, and good in quality, though he has not the flexibility of Belletti (who was to have played the barber, but was prevented by illness). He acted the part well, considering it is not exactly his *role*; gave the "Largo" well; also with Calzolari the "All idea," and in the "Zitti, Zitti," and all the concerted music, his rich voice told advantageously, and his singing, like Calzolari's, showed great finish and refinement. But what shall we say of Madame Sontag? Why the simple truth, that she deserves every iota of the encomiums that have been lavished upon her. We never witnessed a more graceful, easy, polished performance than her Rosina, from the first scene to the last. We could not believe that, from the lovely woman before us, we were listening to the same syren tones that had delighted half Europe twenty-one years ago! Time has, indeed, visited her gently, for both in voice and person she shows no symptoms that we could detect, of his powerful hand. Her "Una voce" was beautifully sung, and the quick movement, "Io sono docile," was encored, Sontag, with exquisite taste, introducing new ornaments and graces in the repeat. Her mezzo voice singing is as lovely and as delicate as any thing we ever listened to; her voice is melody itself. In the singing lesson, she gave the celebrated Rode's air, with variations, which drew down thunders of applause; and she goodnaturedly, and with perfect ease, repeated the last variation: it was more like a brilliant flute fantasia than anything we could compare it to, but she threw all the flute-players we ever heard into the shade by the liquid melody of her voice and purity of her tones. We could grow quite extravagant about Sontag, although we must be ungallant enough to confess that our chief attraction to the *Il Barbiere* last night was to see and hear old Lablache in Doctor Bartolo, which we well knew by report to be one of his greatest parts, but had never before the good fortune to witness. He certainly is great in it in every sense of the word; those who go to see and hear Lablache at a dress concert, cannot form an idea of one tithe of his talent—his humour is so rich and racy—his bye-play and acting is so great; amidst all his drollery and fun he never loses sight of the character he is assuming; he does some most absurd things at times, but he is such a Titan that he gets pardoned for any liberties. For instance, last night, when his son Frederick made his appearance as Don Basilio, with his face all white, and his hair, hat, and dress all black, Lablache exclaimed aloud, in good broad English, "How well he looks!" which provoked roars of laughter. But there was another liberty that the Signori Lablache (father and son,) took—both which we can less easily look over or forgive—and that is, at any rate in Frederick's case, the unpardonable offence of cutting out the beautiful and only song in his part of "La calunnia." The Lablache had more to do, so we can look with more leniency on his leaving out the "A'un Dottore." The activity of both we cannot describe—it should be seen to be appreciated. The bye-play of the Doctor's leaning with his back to the pianoforte whilst the quintet "Buona sera" is sung, and the impatience he exhibits at the obsequious music-master when he turns to wish him, in his turn, "Buona sera," were inimitable: then his giant tones in the concerted music tell

with such prodigious effect; it was mainly owing to this that the quintet "Freddo ed immobile" was encored, although it was finely sung by all the principals: then to see the old man's activity and his dancing in the "Quando mi sei vicina," and his looks, and jumps, and springs out of the way of the pretended drunken soldier and his drawn sword! The Doctor Bartolo of Lablache is a thing to be remembered—like the Othello of the elder Kean! The small part of Bertha was very respectably filled, but the bills make no mention of the name of the lady who took it. She did what is seldom done—that is, she gave us the exquisite song allotted to the part, "Il vecchietto cerca moglie," very well indeed. Poor Donizetti must have had this song in his head when he struck out his "Io son ricco." The usual recalls were made of all the principals, and a more numerous shower of bouquets fell at Sontag's feet, than it is usual for a Manchester audience to throw. The dress-circle looked very well, and contained all our magnates and leading families for some miles round Manchester. But where were *the people*—the *many* who ought, if Manchester is such a musical town, to support such a performance at such prices?—and echo answers, where? How many are led by fashion and a name! Every seat was occupied at a guinea in the pit to hear Jenny Lind two years ago, whilst last night, with a far more powerful display of talent, it was not one-third filled at five shillings! Jullien is coming on Saturday next: it is not like his usual tactics to come into collision with an opera night—but so it is: people cannot be present at both, although the Free Trade Hall be next door to the Theatre-Royal. Saturday, the 1st proximo, Alboni comes in *Cenerentola*. Will she draw greater houses than Sontag and Lablache?

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The rehearsals for the Philharmonic Festival have been going on with the greatest activity, and on Wednesday evening the vast Hall was lighted up during a rehearsal. The effect is stated to have been enchanting. The hearing was most perfect and distinct; the ensemble of the lights, gilding, crimson damask, &c., has never been equalled. There has been a great squabble between some members of the local press and the society about two things. In the first place, the society have only sent a *single* admission to each paper instead of a *dual*, as is usual. This has vastly annoyed the editorial gentlemen, most of whom have very properly returned their tickets. The next *cheval de bataille* is the insecurity v. the security of the building. A writer in one of the papers hints that it was not safe. The Committee say that they have had it examined by Messrs. Cockerell, Tite, and other competent authorities, who say it is very safe: and so the matter stands.—James Wallack is playing at the Theatre Royal in several of his favourite characters. Mr. A. Harris and Signor Casati are going to produce the *ballet* from the *Prophète*, at the Amphitheatre. It will be splendidly done, and will quite astonish the "oldest playgoer." There are various rumours as to Italian Operas, but nothing is yet definitely settled.

J. H. N.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT HULL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Tuesday, August 21, 1849.

Mr. John Langford Pritchard, lessee of the Hull theatre, which is a concomitant of the York circuit, brought his Italian Operatic troupe from York last week, and treated the musical folks of this town to three performances. The entertainments

were not confined to music alone, but were seasonably mixed up with an interlude for laughter, and a drama for interest. Thus the tastes of all classes were considered, and the result was, as might have been expected, very good attendances.

I attended two nights, and heard the *Elisir d'amore* with considerable gratification. The Adina of the evening, Signora Borsi Deleurié, pleased me exceedingly. I was pleased with her appearance—with her dramatic feeling—with her voice—and with her style. Her figure is small, but elegantly formed, and her features are highly expressive. Her comic acting is full of *esprit*. She is, I understand, very young; I am therefore satisfied that a certain period of study and experience would make her an accomplished artist. Signora Borsi Deleurié sang the pretty music of Donizetti's best comic opera—best, at least to my thinking, (I should be sorry to differ from the talented editors of the *Musical World**)—in charming style and most effectively. Besides some duets, which she sang with Signor Guidi, the tenor, and with Signor Paltoni, the bass, she introduced the celebrated cavatina from the *Linda di Chamouni*, which was received with great applause.

The tenor, Guidi, sang indifferent well, and the bass, or baritone, Paltoni, sang perhaps better, but neither betokened any extraordinary excellence. The beautiful romanza, "Una furtiva lagrima," was, however, very nicely vocalised by the former, and merited the success it obtained.

Signor Borsi Deleurié acted as conductor, and kept his band and chorus well together.

After the laughable farce of *Quarter Day*—which was tolerably-well acted, judging by the effect it produced—a miscellaneous concert followed, which was entirely supported by the three artists who took the principal parts in the opera. Signora Borsi Deleurié introduced the "Come e bello"—Grisi's first song, if I mistake not—from the *Lucrezia Borgia*, and Alboni's "Brindisi," with English words, from the same. Both of these she sang well, especially the latter, in which the round full-tones of her middle voice were set off and displayed to great advantage. The "Brindisi" was re-demanded by general acclamation, and repeated accordingly.

After a *pas de* something, and an Irish song, the performance concluded with a new drama, called *Ourika, the Orphan of Senegal*, a very fanciful affair, which appeared to wind up the sympathies of the majority of the audience. Mr. and Mrs. Dyas, neither of whom seem to be devoid of dramatic talent, played the hero and heroine. The piece would suit the Victoria Theatre and Miss Vincent admirably.

The great dramatic feature of the Hull season has been the engangement of the charming and accomplished artist, P. Horton, than whom there comes no more especial favourite to Hull. She appeared in a variety of characters, and has been eminently successful in all. The part, however, which she has played most frequently, and which has been received with most favour, has been Oedipus in the Brothers Brôugh's capital burlesque, *The Sphinx*. It would be needless to mention the effect she produces by her performance of the Grecian riddle-clipper. Your readers are cognizant of all that. Enough to say, that Miss P. Horton acted and sang with the greatest possible effort, and that as an instance of the exquisite burlesque, her Oedipus could not be surpassed. It is rather a curious coincidence that the name of the lady who played Jocasta is Reynolds.

Miss P. Horton's benefit and last appearance this season, took place on Monday evening last. The entertainment consisted of *The Adventures of a Night, or the Lady in Black*, an

* Our correspondent need not express his sorrow. He does not differ in opinion, at least not materially, from the talented editors of the *Musical World*.—ED.

adaptation from Auber's celebrated opera, the *Domino Noir*. Miss P. Horton was, of course, the heroine, and gave Auber's sparkling and vivacious music with delightful point and humour, and acted Scribe's captivating *pensionnaire* of the convent in a manner quite irresistible. The opera, unfortunately, was curtailed of the fairest portion of its music, and we had, instead of an opera, a comedy interspersed with songs and ballads.

Mr. Pritchard played Jeremy Diddler, from Kenney's laughable farce, *Raising the Wind*, and displayed admirable tact by the manner in which he avoided all exhibition of mirth and humour in a comic part.

Signora Borsi Deleure, by particular request, sang the cavatina from *Linda di Chamouni*, and was encored with great applause.

The Sphinx wound up the performances very merrily.

In consequence of the York races commencing on Wednesday (22nd), the theatre will remain closed until Monday next, after Jullien's concert on Tuesday evening. All the Hull folks are on the *qui vive* for Jullien's coming, and an immense house is anticipated. I am sorry I cannot stay to report doings. I have some interest in the Ebor Handicap and the Great Yorkshire Stakes, and must be at York to-night.

Jim Wallack appears on Monday night, as Sir Edward Mortimer, in the *Iron Chest*. A Mr. Thomas Powrie is underlined in the bills, in large letters, to appear with Mr. Wallack, but I have not the least idea who he is. Adieu.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE Theatre opened for the season on Monday, with the tragedy of *Hamlet*, which was admirably acted, and put on the stage with an attention to scenic effects and costumes which reflected the greatest credit on Mr. Newcombe's liberal management. Mr. Bennett, who, before he gained the repute and standing in the profession he occupies at present, was among the members of the *corps dramatique* of Plymouth, made his bow, after an absence of some years, to an audience who appeared not to have forgotten the favourable impression he had made in the earlier days of his dramatic career. Mr. Bennett had evidently thoroughly studied the arduous character he selected for his *début*. His scenes with the Ghost (admirably played, by-the-by, by Mr. Warde) were certainly among his happiest efforts, while all the points in the play-scene were given with great tact and effect. Laertes, in the hands of Mr. Davis, could not have had a more able representative; and Mr. Sterling played Horatio with gentlemanlike ease. Mrs. Watson looked the Queen to the life, and acted with much judgment; and Mrs. Gordon, as the forlorn Ophelia, threw into it all the pathos this talented artiste is so fully capable of displaying. Emery performed the First Gravedigger, and convulsed the audience with laughter; indeed I don't know that I have seen the part better played... Mr. France did all that was necessary for his condutor. Messrs Dodsworth and Bell had parts of minor importance, which, however, were carefully acted, and the filling up of which shewed how necessary it is to have experienced actors in little parts to give proper effect to a whole piece.

Last night the performances were under the patronage of L. Palk, Esq., and J. Tremaine, Esq., the S'wards of the Races, when the house presented a full and fashionable audience. The pieces selected were *The Lady of Lyons*, and *P. P.; or, The Man and The Tiger*.

Mr. Bennett appeared as Claude Melnotte, and confirmed the good opinion of the audience of Monday last. He was

loudly and most deservedly applauded throughout, and I venture to say that never have there appeared on the Plymouth stage two such artistes in the stock company as Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Gordon. In the farce of *P. P.*, Mr. John Davis and Emery kept the people in roars of laughter; they acted with immense spirit, and carried the audience with them. The lessee has engaged a banjo-player and singer, Mr. Graham, who it appears has created a great sensation in London. His representation of the *Nigger* character is certainly the best thing of the sort I have ever seen, and he sings in excellent tune and with great humour. He has been encored with great enthusiasm every night. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kenn's appearance on Monday night is the universal theme of conversation, and there is no doubt of the house being crowded every night of their engagement.

August 23rd, 1849.

LARGE ORGAN AT GLOUCESTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

LARGE ORGAN.—Mr. Nicholson, the well-known organ builder, of this city, is now erecting in the Shire-hall, Gloucester, a splendid organ, which has been built for the use of the Gloucester Choral Society. The extent of this instrument will be seen at a glance from the following list of stops which it contains, there being three manuals, namely—Great, Choir, and Swell, each complete, besides a complete Pedal Organ:—

Compass of Great Organ from CC to G, Fifty-six Notes.—1. Open Diapason, large scale—2. Open Diapason—3. Stopped Diapason—4. Wald Flute—5. Principal—6. Twelfth—7. Fifteenth—8. Sesquialtera, four ranks—9. Mixture, two ranks—10. Positane—11. Clarion—12. Viol de Gamba.

Compass of Choir Organ, from CC to G, Fifty-six Notes.—13. Dulciana—14. Stopped Diapason, bass—15. Stopped Diapason, treble—16. Principal—17. Sust Flute—18. Cremona—19. Keraulophon.

Compass of Swell Organ, from CC to G, Fifty-six Notes.—20. Bourdon and Tenero—21. Open Diapason—22. Stopped Diapason—23. Principal—24. Flute—25. Fifteenth—26. Sesquialtera—27. Cornopean—28. Oboe—29. Clarion.

Compass of Pedal Organ, from CCC to F, Thirty Notes.—30. Double Open Diapason, 16 feet—31. Bourdon, 8 feet—32. Principal, 8 feet—33. Fifteenth—34. Sesquialtera, five ranks—35. Trombone, CCC, 16 feet.

Copulas.—36. Pedals to Great—37. Pedals to Swell—38. Pedals to Choir—39. Great to Swell—40. Great to Choir—41. Swell and Choir—Seven Composition Pedals.—2126 Pipes.

The case of the organ is of Grecian design, the most prominent features being columns and pilasters of the Corinthian Order. The design, we understand, was kindly supplied by Thomas Fulljames, Esq., of Gloucester, architect.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

"Cold! oh! cold the March winds be," Written and composed by Mr. A. B. RICHARDS; arranged by LIONEL SMITH.—MATTHEWS & CO.

This is a somewhat ambitious effort, arranged as a *Glee*. The words are truly quaint and strange. We transcribe them for the especial benefit of our poetical readers.

*"Cold! oh! cold the March winds be
High up in a leafless tree!
The little bird sings; and wearily
Twits the woods with *perjury*!
But the cuckoo *knew*
Sings bold his stave:—
The Spring comes ever merrily,
And Oh! poor fool, sings he,
For this is the way in the world to live,
To mock when a friend hath no more to give,
Whether in hall or tree!"*

Reasoning inferentially, we are disposed to admit the truth of the first two lines, although we can not state from personal experience the exact temperature of a March wind "high up in

a leafless tree," never having essayed so exalted a flight in that somewhat ungenial month. We must, however, be allowed to express our astonishment at the "little bird wearily twitting the woods with perjury." We cannot, for the life of us, make out *why* he "twits" this grave charge! We are equally at a loss to imagine why the cuckoo is called a *knav*, unless it be because he "sings bold his stave"—a rather harsh epithet to apply to him for a little harmless vocalisation. However, he has his revenge a little after, by dubbing the weary little bird a *fool*. "And oh! poor fool, sings he," for no other reason, that we can discover, except that "the spring comes ever merrily." We certainly think this offensive language to a weary little bird very reprehensible, and totally unworthy the poetical character of the cuckoo. The music does not contain so many novel and striking ideas as the words; but doubtless possesses peculiar beauties, if we had but discernment enough to discover them.

"*Iris and Cam Boat Race Polkas*," dedicated to the Undergraduates of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, by EDWARD FROST.—ADDISON & CO.

WHETHER Mr. Frost has dedicated the above polka to the Undergraduates of the Universities because they are fond of dancing or boat-racing, we cannot tell. The polkas attempt to give some idea of the motion of a boat in the act of rowing. This is not the first time that imitation has been followed in writing polka tunes; as we find the "Cricket Polka," the "Grasshopper Polka," the "Serpent Polka," the "Elephant Polka," the "Bee Polka," the "Unicorn Polka," and others, in each of which the composer has endeavoured to illustrate the idiosyncrasies and peculiarities of nature with great diversity of effect. We are inclined to think that the motion of a boat in the act of rowing, and the measured strokes of the oar may be much more felicitously copied in music, than the gambols of a hippopotamus, or the single horn in the forehead of the unicorn;—and so Mr. Frost has our good word.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANTONIA MOLINA DE MENDI, the charming and intelligent singer, and cousin of Pauline Viardot Garcia, whose name so frequently appeared in our columns last season, was lately married to M. H. LEONARD, the distinguished violinist and professor of the Brussels Conservatory.

MADAME LABORDE, the celebrated prima donna of the Brussels company, whom our readers may remember in the *Huguenots*, when first produced in this country at Drury Lane, died lately of cholera.

SIGNOR VERARDI.—This eminent scenic artist, who painted the new ceiling of Covent Garden, died lately in Paris, in the 30th year of his age, deeply regretted.

MISS CUSHMAN sailed for America on Saturday last.

THE ROYAL WELSH Eisteddfod was opened at Aberffraw, Anglesey, on Tuesday week. Mr. Morris Williams, curate of Amlwch, was the successful candidate for the grand prize, a premium of 15*l.*, and a medal worth 5*l.*, for a poem on the Creation.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Whitney, an American artist, has, with the vigour of his countrymen, opened up a new path for himself, and having obtained great applause in the United States for faithfully delineating her public speakers, he has undertaken to make Europe acquainted with the oratory of America. A long and patient study, a retentive memory, and a flexible organ, enable him to succeed perfectly. The *Economist*, speaking of his performances at Willis's Rooms, London, states that his performances reminded one of those pictures by Titian and Velasquez, which at once satisfy you, though you never saw the originals, that they must be likenesses. To pass a most agreeable hour, be delighted, and at the same time acquire a knowledge of American oratory, every one should see and hear Mr. Whitney at the Athenaeum.

OPERA SINGERS.—The first-class opera singers are generally a quiet, gentlemanly, and well-behaved class of men, utter strangers to those dissipations that used some times to incapacitate our

Cooks, Reeves, and Keans from performing; they usually reside in Regent Street, the Quadrant, or St. James's Street, and some of them are much attached to London, while others have the affectation of saying that there is no existence out of Italy. One of these said to a well-known buffo, that London was quite an exile; to which he answered "Yes, and a very agreeable exile too." The actual salaries in London are not much larger than those of Naples or Milan; but the concerts produce a large sum, the income derived from singing a few songs at two or three concerts, being, sometimes, with much less labour, more than the salary of an opera night. Italian singers may thus realise a large fortune in a few years; and Donzelli and many others are extensive landed proprietors in Italy. One of the most celebrated *prima donnas* of our age, however, had the misfortune to see her large accumulated wealth dissipated in a few years by a gambling husband. In no profession is it more true that hay must be made while the sun shines. A well-known tenor was accustomed to make his two thousands pounds for many seasons during the London summer, till his voice fell off, and other favorites obtained the public ear. Unwilling to quit London, he remained at a salary of £2000; and at last begged the manager to allow him to sing for nothing, that he might the more readily obtain pupils, and was refused.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*.

[The last paragraph we take leave to consider pure invention; our friend Chambers has been "humbugged."—Ed. M. W.]

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OVERTURE.—(*Ruy Blas*) (MS.) Mendelssohn.
SELECTIONS FROM OPERAS, &c.

Wednesday Evening.—GRAND CONCERT, comprising:—SYMPHONY
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OVERTURE.—(*Leonora*) Beethoven.
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Thursday Evening.—GRAND CONCERT, comprising:—SYMPHONY
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